

Monday and the following day, in May, June, and July, to hear and take proof of all claims, &c., proper to be taken in said cases; and all claims, &c., to issue in said cases are expected to be filed on or before the second Tuesday in July, 1866.

HENRY BOHANNON, M. C.



# The Shelby News.

AMERICANS SHALL RULE AMERICA.

The Shelby News is the largest and cheapest village newspaper published in Kentucky. Terms—\$2 in advance; \$2 50, payable within six months after publishing, at which time all subscriptions will be due and chargeable with interest.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 16, 1856.

**Shilly-Shallying Archie used up.**—We understand, that Hon. JOSHUA F. BELL, of Danville, and Hon. ARCHIE DIXON, of the office of the Galt House, in Louisville, on the 4th instant, in which Mr. Dixon received a castigation under which he will be very restive for some time. They were both in attendance upon the Whig Convention which met in Louisville, on the 3d instant. Mr. BELL is for Mr. FILLMORE, and Mr. DIXON, is understood to be, at this particular time, for BUCHANAN. Meeting Mr. BELL at the Galt House, Mr. DIXON, pluming himself upon his superior [?] talents, high position, as ex-United States Senator, etc.,—with more than his ordinary pertinacity pushed the discussion upon him.—Mr. BELL evidently wanted to avoid the discussion, thus sought by one claiming to be of his own political sect. But the venerable ex-Senator, full of talk and vanity, crowded him to the wall, until he had to make up his mind to fight. He then led into the exposed rib and vulnerable head of Mr. DIXON with a spirit, an energy, and an eloquence, that first shook, then wounded, then prostrated the *Buchanan Whig* [?] so palpably and completely, that his own friends had to move an adjournment, *sine die*. The discussion continued for some three-quarters of an hour, to the delight of about fifty auditors, who had collected around the debaters. BELL is a match for any man, on the stump, or in conversation. But the advantage he had in having his cause just, aided in overwhelming his antagonist, much to the mortification of his adherents and the *Sag-Nichts* present. Our informant says, that BELL received DIXON's propositions with such coolness, and met them with such a torrent of eloquence—so forcible, so pointed, and so sarcastic, that DIXON stammered, and floundered, and fumbled, like a lackless school-boy, who does not know his lesson, before the school teacher. But, it is not astonishing. A man who calls himself a Whig, and attempts to justify his course in voting for BUCHANAN against FILLMORE, must first learn to row up stream and travel down.—

"There is no armor, who hath his quarrel just."—But the most powerful intellect, gifted with the richest eloquence, cannot convert a Buchanan vote into a Whig vote.

**Infamously False.**—The Southern anti-American semi-Papal Sag-Nicht papers are publishing a letter signed by some one calling himself S. A. SMITH, which is a lame attempt to free the anti-American Democracy from the deep black stain of Abolitionism. In the course of his letter,—which is a tissue of the vilest misrepresentations and bald assertions,—the writer alludes to FILLMORE and PIERCE's appointments, and says:

"The difference, therefore, in this respect, between the two Presidents, is this: that while General Pierce may have appointed some Freesoilers to office without a knowledge of the fact that they were such at the time, Mr. FILLMORE's appointees in the Northern States were all Freesoilers, and known to be such at the time of their appointment."

Now S. A. SMITH knew, when he penned the above, that he was deliberately stating that which was utterly and entirely false. He knew, that, before the election, Mr. PIERCE authorized the Washington Union to state, that, if he was elected, the Freesoil Democrats should be considered by him as part and parcel of the Democratic party, and should share equally of the patronage within the gift of the Executive. S. A. SMITH knew, that Mr. PIERCE had redeemed that pledge at least;—that he had appointed JOHN A. DIX, the greatest Freesoil leader of New York, as sub-Treasurer at New York; that he had removed BRONSON, a national Democrat, because he refused to appoint Freesoilers to office, and appointed a red-mouthed Abolitionist as his successor. S. A. SMITH knew, when he wrote his letter, that Mr. PIERCE had appointed CALIB COSMID, an original Abolitionist, and then and now, a Wilnot Proviso advocate; and Mr. McCLELLAND, another Abolitionist, to Cabinet offices;—he knew that Mr. PIERCE had appointed BENJAMIN F. HALLET U. S. Attorney for Massachusetts, and that that HALLET there is not and has not been a more bitter reviler of the South and her institutions in Massachusetts;—he knew, in short, that the Freesoilers and Abolitionists appointed by PIERCE can be counted by thousands;—that, in New York alone, —as was stated by R. H. STANTON, then Democratic member of Congress from the Mayville district, in this State,—over five hundred Abolitionists and Freesoilers had been appointed to office under Mr. Pierce's Administration.—And all these were appointed because they were Freesoilers.

—And yet, knowing all this, he has the unblushing effrontery—the bare-faced impudence, to write such a sentence as that we quote above! Equally reckless and untrue are the statements in reference to Mr. FILLMORE's appointments. Mr. FILLMORE never did, and SMITH knows it, appoint to office a single individual suspected of Freesoilism. On the contrary, every man in office whom there were good grounds for suspecting of Freesoilism, was promptly removed.

His whole letter is infamously false.—And to the intelligent mind, it carries its brazen falsity stamped on its every line and every word. The papers that are republishing it know its utter falsity; but to deceive those who can be imposed upon, by such reckless falsehoods, they assist in its circulation; and thus pander to the infamy that produced it; and participate and share in the infamy of the villainous falsehoods.

**Tactics of the anti-Americans.**—We would be much gratified, if we could induce some of the anti-American Sag-Nicht papers to discuss the principles of the American Party. We flatter ourselves, that the American papers would show more life and energy, and the people be edified and informed, and our party advanced, if they would "come, and let us reason together."—Frequently, we feel a repugnance to publishing our articles, when written, because we have to take up so much time and space defending our Party—not our principles,—from the foul slang, and bitter denunciations, and the infamous falsehoods and misrepresentations of anti-American semi-Papal Sag-Nicht organs, which gratify and satisfy themselves with a brutal indulgence in their depraved appetites for venomous abuse and slander. We challenge discussion—the American Party courts and invites it. We thirst for a fair and honorable battle,—we pant for a battle of principles.

The Sag-Nicht and anti-American organs dabble with the compromises; get up agitation, and—cry "Slavery!" They pass the Kansas-Nebraska act; put the country into a ferment; and—cry "Slavery!" They elect as President, a noted Freesoiler and anti-Slavery man from New Hampshire, who removes conservative men from office in New York, and elsewhere, to give place to Freesoilers, and—cry "Slavery!" They foist a pony batchelor upon the party, from the Freesoil territory of Pennsylvania, himself tainted and stained with Abolitionism and redolent with the spirit of denunciation of JEFFERSON, MADISON and the Democratic party, and—cry "Slavery!" They look upon MILLARD FILLMORE,—the model President and tried patriot, turn up the whites of their eyes and the palms of their hands, and—cry, in piteous howls, "Slavery!" A life of virtue,—a character full of patriotic conduct,—tried and tempted through an embittered slavery struggle, and proved true and faithful,—is forgotten in their mad, "wild hunt after" the spoils of office. And, in their eagerness to clothe themselves with ornaments of official dignity, and fill their greedy pockets with the money from the treasury of the nation, they shut their eyes to the past sins and iniquities of their former cynical candidate; ignore all their former landmarks and principles, cry "Slavery!" and rush heedlessly into his support.—His past life of blue-light Federalism; his abolition resolutions; his abolition speeches; his squandered sovereignty and abolition votes, are sunk into a moloch, in their giant strides to the mountain all covered with spoils!

—Such base ingratitude to the South, and to the whole country,—participated in, and encouraged by leading men of the nation,—is enough to make the heart sick, and the mind turn in disgust from a contemplation of the reckless perfidy of a party held together by spoils,—by the cohesive power of public plunder,—and actuated in their policy by hate and prejudice, rather than by honor and principle. We do not believe, that the voice of a free, a grateful and patriotic people will be stifled by such bad passions and unworthy motives.—FILLMORE's pure and able life will have its reward.

**Virginia.**—The anti-American papers for sometime have been ranting a great deal about Americanism being on the decline in Virginia; and proclaiming that the Electors were every where refusing to act.—We have information from the old Dominion, which flatly contradicts all such statements. Out of two hundred and twenty-five electors, but fifteen have declined serving; fourteen, only because of private or professional engagements, which prevented their energetic prosecution of the canvass; but asserting that they would do, in a private capacity, every thing possible to advance the success of FILLMORE and DONELSON.—One declined because he was not a member of the American Party.

The old line Clay Whigs hold a State convention in Richmond to-day. We believe that that body will recommend FILLMORE and DONELSON.—The proceedings of the primary meetings pointed unequivocally to such a conclusion. The number of voters classed under this head is not less than 10,000. To this add the unbroken front of 72,000 Americans, and our readers will see that Virginia is safe for the Union candidate—MILLARD FILLMORE—for the Presidency.

The Wheeling Intelligencer, which the anti-American papers say has left the American party and come out for BUCHANAN, never was an American paper. It is controlled by foreign and papal influence. It supported gizzard-foot-ebon-shin HENRY A. WISE, and denounced Americanism as lustily as the most violent foreign organ in the Union. It never was a HENRY CLAY Whig paper.

**Foreign Insolence.**—Here is what a German periodical, called "The Atlantis," published at Buffalo, New York, says of the American Union:

"The process of dissolution is already perceptible by many symptoms, and the worst, or rather, the best of the whole matter is this, that there is no way of arresting the threatening storm, and that, without offering any resistance to events, they must be left to fulfill themselves. "Considering how the Union has been administered the last forty years, since the annexation of Louisiana, its dissolution would not demand a tear. All the hopes which humanity had placed upon the Union and its future have been destroyed by the pressure of slavery. Since the maxim of slavery is established, 'No Union without slavery,' the friend of humanity is obliged to lament the continuance of the Union."

If native citizens of the United States, residing in Buffalo, were to pitch the press and type of this foreign ingrate into the Niagara, and pack him off to Europe, they would do nothing more than a sacred duty. But, what a cry about it would be raised by the anti-American press, of the South especially! Still he deserves to be so treated.

**Col. Benton's St. Louis Speech.**—On the 21st of June, Col. THOMAS H. BENTON delivered a speech in St. Louis, in which he reviewed matters and things in general—at home and abroad. We have not space to spare to publish the entire speech. But we give below extracts from it, referring to the Cincinnati Convention, and the domestic policy of the Pierce Administration:

Citizens: I appear before you in an unexpected character—that of candidate for the governorship of the State of Missouri. It was a place which I had not sought, but which I felt bound to accept in the present condition of the country—its peace greatly endangered both at home and abroad, and the services of all good citizens required to aid in preventing the double calamity of civil and foreign war.

I went to Cincinnati to be near that Convention, the first one I ever approached. I went to see how things were done, and to assist a little at a safe nomination. I found a garrison of office-holders inside of the Convention, and a besieging army of the same gentry on the outside of it. Packed delegates were there, sent to betray the people. Straw delegates were there, coming from the States which could give no Democratic vote. Members of Congress were there, although forbidden by their duties from being at such a place. A cohort of office-holders were there, political slaves in the Federal system, incapable of voting for the smaller Federal office, yet sent there by the administration to impose a President upon the people. It was a scandalous collection, excluded by the constitution from being even electors of the President, and yet sent there to vote for the administration—and to vote upon the principle of the ox that knoweth his master's crib—upon the principle of the ass that knoweth the hand that feedeth him. Bullies were there from the custom-house and the Five Points in New York—all with the approbation of the administration; for the office-holders would not be there (absent from their duties and drawing their pay) without the consent of their employers. It was a scandalous collection. The members of Congress were in the double breach of their duties. They were neglecting their legislative duties, and doing what they had been interdicted from doing.

Thirty years ago the nomination of Presidential candidates was taken from Congress on account of the corruption which it engendered, and given to delegates, intending to be fresh from the people, and to obey their will, and the nomination removed from Washington to Baltimore, to get out of the reach of Federal office, yet sent there by the administration to impose a President upon the people. It was a scandalous collection. The members of Congress were in the double breach of their duties. They were neglecting their legislative duties, and doing what they had been interdicted from doing.

Such was the composition of nearly one half of the whole convention—custom-house officers, post-masters, salaried clerks, packed delegates, straw delegates, political ennuuchs, members of Congress, district attorneys, federal marshals. The place in which they met, and which had been provided by a packed administration committee, was worthy of the meeting. It was a sort of den, approached by a long, narrow passage, crowded by three doors, each door guarded by armed bullies, with orders to knock down any person that approached without a ticket from the committee, and a special order to be prepared with arms to repulse the Missouri delegation which came to vote for Buchanan—a repulse which they attempted, and got themselves knocked down and trampled under foot. This den had no windows by which people could look in or see, or the light of the sun enter—only a row of glass, like a steamboat skylight, thirty-five feet above the floor. It was the nearest representation of the "black hole" in Calcutta, and like that hole, had well-nigh become notorious for a similar catastrophe. The little panes of glass above were hung on pivots, and turned flat to let in air. A rain came on, drove into the den, and to exclude it, the panes were turned up. "Smothering! smothering!" was the cry in the den; and the glass had to be turned up again. Over this place was a small box for the admission of spectators, its approach barricaded and guarded, and entrance only obtained upon tickets from the same packed committee; and to whom they gave tickets was seen when the first votes were given for Buchanan. It was the nearest representation of the "black hole" in Calcutta, and like that hole, had well-nigh become notorious for a similar catastrophe.

The elder Mr. Adams was defeated by the Democratic party, then called Republican; the younger Mr. Adams was defeated by the same party; Mr. Van Buren was defeated by the Whigs. But each of these gentlemen had the consolation of having preserved the respect and confidence of his own party. Not so with Mr. Pierce. He is repudiated by those who had exalted him. After four years' trial, he is condemned and thrown away—the victim of his advisers. It is the most humiliating termination of a public career that ever was witnessed. His whole vote was some sixty—only five dozen out of near three hundred; and if from these are deducted the intrusive votes which ought not to be counted—those of the office holders, the packed delegates, the straw delegates, the members of Congress, and the complimentary votes which were begged for him to lessen the shame of the miserable defeat—if all these were deducted, as they ought to be, he would be left without a single vote—left to go out as he came in; with the unanimous consent of his party. What a fate for a man who came into office upon a two-thirds vote of Congress, and the united Democracy of the whole Union. After all, the result was due to the place where the Convention was held. If it had been in Baltimore, where the outside pressure would have been on the other side, the office holders would have carried the day.

Let it not be forgotten that the place governed this nomination—the place convenient to the solid men of the country; that that cannot be relied upon to save future nominations. The old intrigues—the permanent professional President makers—will not be caught in such a place again. They will go where the farmers cannot

come; and there is no safety except in the amendment of the constitution, and giving to the people a direct vote for President. Already it is reported, that they go next to Charleston, S. C. where no Western farmers can get at them. If you ask how can this be known now? I answer, very well. Each convention now appoints a committee of its own body, thirty-one in number, to sit from four years to four years, and manage everything. These committees do the cheating in the recess of the convention.

Such a full announcement the most deplorable administration which our country has ever seen; and such is the fact. At home and abroad—in all its acts and policy, both foreign and domestic—flagrant misconduct has been the order of the day.—The field of its bad acts is too large to admit of a full survey, on an occasion like the present; I can only seize and present the most prominent, taking those which concern our home affairs first, the foreign afterwards; but first, I must show you I mean by the administration, for it by no means consists of all whose names compose it.

In the first place, then, I do not mean Mr. Pierce, I leave him out entirely. He is a kind man, tender-hearted, and will cry for anybody's sorrows; but he has neither head nor nerve, and he is as helpless in the hands of his managers as a babe in the arms of his nurse. I have to give a signal instance of this helplessness which concerns ourselves as well as myself, and which admits of no question, because I was party to it, and know what I say. Mr. Pierce sent for me soon after his inauguration, desiring me to call upon him the next evening at eight o'clock. I went according to the request. He told me he wished to speak to me about the Missouri appointments, and know if they could be put off for awhile? I answered yes—that they were all four years' appointments, and to be out of them, would be in the course of the spring and summer—that I despised the business of removing men who were doing their business well, and whose terms would soon expire, and had rather wait for the vacancy to come of itself. He replied that these were exactly his own sentiments, and it was readily agreed that the appointments should stand over until my return from Missouri, which would be in six weeks.

On this agreement, thus volunteered by himself, I left the city, and in two weeks was followed by a list of the appointments—and you know what kind of appointments they were—all made from my enemies, and to work in the election against me—a thing which they have faithfully done, and are still doing. Even the post office in my own town was so filled as to render it impossible for me to use it, and drove me to the resource of sending my correspondence through Adams & Co. This is what happened between the President and myself, and is one of the innumerable instances to prove his nullity in his own administration. I did not get angry with him for it. I knew he was sincere at the time he spoke with me, and pitied his inability to keep his own word voluntarily given. I expressed no resentment because I knew they would not let him do as he wished; but self respect required me to avoid his house, and I have not been there since. Still, we meet handsomely when accident brings us together; sometimes meeting in evening rides, when the respective hats immediately rise high in the air; sometimes on foot, in an evening walk, when we rush to the salutation, and so pleasantly that an observer might suppose it was a pair of old bosom friends—Damon and Pythias—just getting together again after a long and cruel separation.

In the next place, I do not mean Mr. Mallou. He leaves himself out by permitting others to dominate in his department, and by publicly agreeing to what he privately condemns. I leave out also the Secretaries of the Treasury, of the Interior, of the Navy, and the Postmaster General, and only condemn them for remaining in a Cabinet in which they are without influence, and sharing the odium of measures of which they have no part in the paternity. This brings me to the Secretary at War and the Attorney General, who, with an outside force of determined nullifiers, are the whole administration. But little need be said of the Secretary at War. He is a martinet, puffed up with West Point science, dogmatical and pragmatical, within his circle; but that circle is a narrow one, and he moves uncontrolled within it. He is an avowed secessionist.

Of the outside force of nullifiers still less remains to be said. They govern when they please, and always in the same style—by presenting a menacing front. Of all these the Attorney General is the master spirit. He is a man of talent, of learning, of industry—unscrupulous, double-sexed, double-gendered, and hermaphrodite in politics—with a hinge in his knee, which he often crooks, "that thrill may follow fawning." He governs by subservience; and to him is deferred the master's place in Mr. Pierce's Cabinet. Then I heard that he was to go to the North, and one for the South—and in endeavoring to reach the Gulf of Mexico, he was to be killed by the route to Guyana, on the Gulf of California. Ten millions were given for one slice—it was found to be worthless, and besides, would not include the place. At the last accounts, further efforts were making to get another slice, at another ten or twenty millions, still further south. In the meantime, the plain, direct, national central route is repudiated, although it is now one-third made; for the railroads west from Baltimore, Philadelphia, the West, and the center between the West, and the center between the West and the Missouri road, now complete to the center of the State, and advancing to the Western border. Yet this direct national route, though now one-third made, is rejected and repudiated for an outside route through Mexico, and a ship canal through foreign territory in the Spanish part of America.

6. Neglect of the Territorial government is another of the offences of this administration. Political partisans and pot-house demagogues are sent out to fill their offices—men unfit, if they were disposed, but merely electioneers, engaged in the State and Federal elections, while the protection of the Federal Government is perfectly unknown, and violence, bloodshed and disorder overpread the land. Beasts, whose ascendancy over the savage mind charmed the Indians into infantile submission, was dismissed, because he would not electioneer, to make room for a pot-house demagogue, who could do nothing else. California, Oregon, New Mexico, are all the scenes of bloody outrage. Indian wars rage—private murder prevails—law is impotent—the Federal officers are of no account, and the citizens are driven to the necessity of providing for themselves. I need not mention Kansas, the condition of that blood-stained ground is sufficiently known to you, will speak of Utah, where the Federal Government is ignored and repudiated; its laws and authority set

at defiance. The term of the Mormon Governor, Brigham Young, expired three years ago. As he had thrown off the authority of the United States, it was determined to send him a successful military graduate of West Point, and Captain Stephen was called from his pleasant quarters to go upon the enterprise. When Brigham heard of it, he made a speech to his people, in which he told them what President Pierce intended, and what he himself intended—one sending a new Governor, and the other intending to repulse the complement. It was in that speech that he said to his people, that he intended to remain in his place until the Lord should say to him, "Brigham, I don't want you to be Governor of Utah any longer."

The administration was afraid of him, and undertook to out-manoeuvre him, and that in the highest style of West Point tactics; they determined to smuggle a battalion of soldiers, and directed to proceed to the Mormon kingdom, as if he were going to California, stop there to hibernate, and watching the chance, slip into the governorship some day when Brigham was out—something like a weasel that goes into another hole, when he finds the occupant gone.—When I heard of this scheme, I said to my acquaintances, and I can prove that I said it, (for I do not, indulge in *ex post facto* predictions), that the next time we should hear of this Gov. Steptoe again, he would be on his tip-toes, marching to the tune of "Hey Betsey Martin, tip-toe fine!" and so it was; for before the hibernation was over he was on his march in good truth to California, to return thence to the United States. But there was something else which I did not foresee, which was, that this military governor carried off four dozen of the Mormon Betty Martins with him, to the infinite distress of the saints, profoundly chagrined to find themselves so encroached upon by the Gentiles. But it was the last encroachment of the kind.—No more of the United States military have been there since, and Brigham says he has promised the Lord that if they come again he will fix them so that they will let his Betty Martins alone. And that was the end of the attempt by this administration to give a Governor to Utah. Brigham holds on to the place, and Mr. Pierce stands with hands off, and the scandalous spectacle is seen of a man assuming to be Governor by the will of the L-rd, repulsing the United States authorities, trampling the laws under foot, insulting and defying the Federal Government, and no attempt made to reduce him to law and order. Such is the insurgent condition of the polygamist kingdom of the Latter Day Saints. All have heard of this polygamy—a state of things at which morality, decency, shame revolts; and I have been told how an institution so abhorrent to human nature is kept up, and that it is by virtue of the civil power vested in Brigham and his saints, still more than by his religious power, that there are enough to overturn the institution, if it was not that all civil power, as well as the religious jurisdiction, is in the hands of Mormon authorities; so that this administration is actually responsible to the moral sense of the civilized world for the present continuance of polygamy in the Territory of Utah.

Congress.—On the 7th instant, the Senate, upon the veto of the President, three River Improvement bills, by a vote of 31 to 12; 28 to 10; and 28 to 8. The bill from the House to admit Kansas with the Topeka constitution, was referred to the committee on Territories.

The House was not engaged in any important business. On the 8th, in the Senate, Mr. Douglas, from the Committee on Territories, to which was referred the House bill to admit Kansas as a State into the Union, reported back the bill with an amendment striking out the preamble and all after the enacting clause, and inserting the bill which passed the Senate Thursday, and asked its immediate consideration; which was agreed to. After some discussion, the bill as amended passed; yeas 32; nays 13.

The bill provides for the appointment of five commissioners, to be selected from different sections of the Union, to represent fairly all political portions. They shall take a census of all legal voters in the Territory, and make a fair apportionment of delegates to be elected in each county, to assemble and make a Constitution and State Government. When the apportionment shall have been thus made, the commissioners are to remain in session every day, except Sunday, at places most convenient to the inhabitants of the Territory, to hear all complaints, examine witnesses, and correct all errors in the said list of voters, which shall be previously printed and circulated through the Territory, and posted in at least three of the most public places in each voting precinct in each county. So soon as all errors shall have been thus corrected in said lists, the Commissioners are required to cause the lists of legal voters to be printed and copies furnished to each judge of election, to be put up at the places of voting, and circulated throughout every county in the Territory before the day of the election. No persons shall be allowed to vote whose names do not appear as a legal voter. The election for delegates to take place on the day of the Presidential election, and the Convention to assemble on the first Monday in December to decide first:

Whether it be expedient for Kansas to adhere to the Union at that time, and if so decided, proceed to form a Constitution and State Government, which shall be Republican in form, and admitted on equal footing with the original States. The bill provides that no law shall be of force or enforced in the Territory infringing the liberty of speech or the liberty of the press, or the right of the people to bear arms, etc. Also, for the punishment of illegal voting, or fraud or violence at the election, and to use the military force for that purpose.

In its passage through the Senate the bill received two important amendments. The first of these, proposed by Mr. Adams, of Mississippi, was to strike out a clause which gave the right of suffrage to foreigners who had merely declared their intention to become citizens, but were not fully naturalized. This was adopted by vote of yeas 32, nays 15. The second and more important amendment proposed by Mr. Geyer, of Missouri, was in these words:—"That no laws shall be made or have force or effect which shall require a test oath or oaths to support any act of Congress or other legislative act as a qualification for any civil office or profession, or to serve as a juror, or vote at an election, or which shall impose any tax upon or condition to exercise the right of suffrage by any qualified voter, or which shall restrain or prohibit the free discussion of any law, or subject of legislation in the Territory, or the free expression of opinion therein by the people of the Territory."

ment had given rise, Mr. Cass characterized some of the laws passed by the Kansas Legislature as disgraceful to the age. The amendments strike at the root of aquiver-sovereignty, and overthrow the doctrine that the people of the Territory are to control their own affairs independent of the supervision of Congress. The bills says in effect that certain laws passed by the Legislature are improper and unjust, and therefore are abrogated by Congress. The conclusion is irresistible—if Congress can thus interfere in relation to laws upon one subject, it can upon all, and it in fact, holds an annulling power over the acts of the Territorial Legislatures, which it may exercise whenever circumstances, as now, seem to require an assertion of the power. That the majority of the Senate, ruled as it is by the framers and supporters of the original Kansas-Nebraska bill, should have yielded thus much, is strong evidence of a desire to remove the causes that have made Kansas the field of sectional and fratricidal strife. The propositions of the bill as now framed are reasonable, wise and moderate, and we hope will be received as a final settlement of the existing troubles.

Hon. J. F. BELL UPON THE STUMP.—The Danville Tribune of the 11th says: Our distinguished and popular fellow-citizen, Hon. J. F. BELL, addressed a large crowd at Stanford, on Monday last (Lincoln County Court day), upon the political questions of the day. Mr. B. defined his position clearly, expressing his objections to some of the principles of the American party, but declaring his decided preference for Millard Fillmore for the Presidency.—We hope Mr. Bell will favor the people of this country with a speech at an early day. He is an old-line Whig, and the fact that he remains inflexible in his devotion to that glorious old party, forbids the possibility of his ever giving his support to the slander of Henry Clay.

BANK DIVIDENDS.—The Bank of Kentucky, the Bank of Louisville, the Farmer's Bank, and the Northern Bank of Kentucky, have each declared a semi-annual dividend of 5 per cent. The Southern Bank of Kentucky has declared a semi-annual dividend of 5 per cent. and 3 per cent extra.

**Business Cards.**  
**MATRESSES.**  
SHELBYVILLE MATRESS FACTORY.—I am now manufacturing Shuck, Moss, Hair, Composition, and Spring MATRESSES, of every size. I will also renovate old Mattresses, and make new. Sola Chairs, hang, put up, and arrange every variety of Curtains, Blinds, and Window Shades; cut, make and put down Carpets, and attend to all the various branches of the Upholstery business. I am now permanently located in this place, and have become identified as a citizen. I therefore ask of the citizens here, and the surrounding country, a share of their patronage. All orders promptly attended to. \$27,000 pounds of Hatched Shucks wanted immediately at my store, opposite the Shelby News Office. DRAKE, 36, 1856. 1838

**JOHN C. PETRY.**  
MANUFACTURER, and dealer in Boots and Shoes, Shelbyville, Ky. 734  
**JOHN S. CHURCHILL.**  
Manufacture of TIN and SHEET-IRON WARE, and dealer in STOVES of every variety, would respectfully inform the citizens of Shelbyville and the public generally, that he has permanently located in Shelbyville for the purpose of carrying on the above business, in all its various branches. By steady habits and strict attention to business, he hopes to merit and share a liberal portion of public patronage. Prompt attention to Job Work and Guttering. 67 Shop on Main street, nearly opposite the News Office, and two doors east of the public square. March 5, 1856. 9m542

**T. E. C. BRINLEY & Co.**  
PAVING MANUFACTURERS, Simpsonsville, Ky., keep constantly on hand, of their own manufacture exclusively, any quantity of SOD and STUBBLE FLOWS. They warrant their Flows to perform well, and at the lowest rates. \$3 All orders for Flows, left at the Drug and Hardware Store of Joseph Hall, Shelbyville, Ky., will be promptly attended to. T. E. C. BRINLEY & Co. October 26, 1853. 9719

**A. WAYNE.**  
Prominent Carriage and Huggy Manufacturer, SHELBYVILLE, KY.  
STILL continues the business, at the old stand of S. J. S. & A. Wayne, where he will manufacture Carriages and Buggies, of any and every variety, in the latest and most approved fashions, on short notice and reasonable terms. REPAIRING done in the best manner, on short notice. 67 Shop East End of Shelbyville. Give me a call. Shelbyville, April 23, 1856. 10049

**MARBLE MANUFACTORY.**  
SHELBYVILLE, KY.  
JAMES FALCONER, from Madison, Indiana, has opened a Marble Shop in Shelbyville, and will keep on hand a full variety of Marble, of every size and style, of the latest and most approved styles, manufactured from the purest Italian and Vermont marbles. Also, both plain and ornamental, of every size and style. The marble is shipped directly from the quarries, and will be cut, and as cheap as any other manufacturer in the West. All orders will be promptly attended to, and neatly executed. April 3, 1856. 10052

**S. G. & G. E. ADAMS.**  
HOUSE, SIGN, AND FANCY PAINTERS, &c., &c., &c.  
WOULD respectfully inform the citizens of Shelbyville and Shelby county, that they are ready to execute, on the shortest notice, and the most reasonable terms, all orders in their line of business. By industries habits and prompt attention to business, they hope to gain an honest living. 67 All orders can be left at T. C. McGrath's store, on Main street. Shelbyville, May 14, 1856. 10052

**BUTCHERING.**  
CHARLES E. BLUMER, informs the citizens of Shelbyville and vicinity that he has resumed BUTCHERING, and will have on hand, every Tuesday and Friday morning, at 10 o'clock, Market Horses, Fresh and Corned Beef, Mutton, &c. Settlements on last day of a week. Shelbyville, May 7, 1856. 10051

**REMOVAL.**  
I HAVE removed from the West Corner to the store formerly occupied by J. S. Sharrard, and having opened a small, but select, list of JEWELRY AND WATCHES. I invite the public to give attention to the disinterested patronage heretofore extended to me. I hope to merit a continuance of the same. 67 W. Adams, Jeweler and Clock Repairer, promptly and substantially. Engraving executed in the best style. R. W. CHUTE, Watchmaker and Jeweler. March 26, 1856. 10043

**FURNITURE.**  
N. B. ZARING announces to the public that he has opened, in the room formerly occupied by Geo. W. Moore, on Main street, a large assortment of new and beautiful FURNITURE, for the Parlor, the Chamber, the Dining Room, and the Hall, which, for elegance of design, and beauty of finish, cannot be surpassed by any establishment in the State. From his long residence in Shelbyville, he is confident that he can suit the wants and tastes of this community, and solicit a share of patronage. He has also on hand a select lot of Metallic Cases and Marble Cases, Considered by all who have examined them, as the best and most durable for the purposes for which they are designed. Terms: Metallic Coffins cash; Furniture on four months time, with 5 per cent. cash each. N. B. ZARING. April 4, 1856. 10046







## The Garland.

**Country Life.**  
Happy the man who has the morning escaped;  
To him the whistling breeze, the turning brooks,  
The shining pebble beach,  
The whispering grove a holy isle,  
To him, where God draws nigher to his soul;  
Each verdant and a shrine,  
Whereby he kneels to heaven.  
The nightingale when he sings slumbers down—  
The nightingale reawakes him, fluttering o'er,  
When shines the lovely red,  
Of morning through the trees.  
Then he admires thee in the plain, O God!  
In the ascending path of dawn;  
Thee in the glorious sun,  
The worm—the budding branch—  
Where coolness gushes in the waving grass,  
Or o'er the flowers streams the fountain, rests;  
Inhales the breath of prime,  
The gentle air of eve.  
His straw-decked threshold, where doves back in the sun,  
And play, and love, invites to sweeter rest,  
Than golden halls of state,  
Or beds of down afford.  
To him the plump juicy sporting chip,  
The chaser and the dapper, the dapper pen,  
And from his quiet hand,  
Pick crumbs, or peas, or grains.  
Of wanders he alone, and thinks on death;  
And in the village church-yard, by the graves,  
Sits, and beholds the crime,  
Death's waving garland there.  
The stone beneath the elders, where a text  
Of scripture teaches joyfully to die;  
And with his spirit stands Death  
At angel, too, with helm.  
Happy the man who thus hath "scaped the world!"  
His life, his life, his life, his life, his life,  
The cradle of the boy,  
With flowers crowded strewn.

## Miscellaneous.

**Never Twit a Boy for what he cannot Avoid.**

Incidents trifling in themselves often have an important influence in determining the character of a life. A word spoken in season, a cruel taunt wounding the heart to its core, have been the turning points in destiny, and put a young mind on the high road to fortune, or sent it down to ruin. Almost every person can recall some occurrence in early life which gave tone and impulse to effort, and imbued the mind with principles whose influence is even now controlling. We give place to the following true narrative, as an illustration of facts, and because it inculcates a truth which every man, woman and child may profitably bear in mind.

"Years ago, when I was a boy, it was customary, and probably is now to some extent among district schools in the country, to have spelling schools during the winter term. The gatherings were always anticipated with great interest by the scholars, as at those times was to be decided who was the best speller. Occasionally one school would visit another for a test of scholarship in this regard. Ah! how the little hearts would throb, and big ones thump, in their anxiety to beat the whole.

"Once on a time, a neighboring school sent word to ours, that on a certain day in the afternoon they would meet in our school for one of these contests. As the time was short, most of the other studies were suspended, and at school and home in the evening, all hands were studying to master the monosyllables, dissyllables, polysyllables, &c., which the spelling books contained.

"At length the day arrived, and as our visitors were considered our superiors, our fears and anxiety were proportionally great. The scholars were arranged in a standing position, on opposite sides of the house, and the words, pronounced to each side alternately, and the scholar that "missed" was to sit down.

"On both sides, not to take to the ranks on both sides. In a short time our school and but eight on the floor, and thirty on the six. After a few minutes, the contest turned in their favor, as they had four standing to our two. For a long time it seemed as though these six had the book "by heart."

"At length the number was reduced to one on each side. Our visitors were represented by an accomplished young lady whose parents had recently arrived in town, and ours by myself, a ragged little boy of ten summers, who had set up night after night, while my mother, with no other light than that produced by pine knots, pronounced my lessons for me. The interest of the spectators was excited to the highest pitch, as word after word was spelled by each.

"At length the young lady missed and I stood alone. Her teacher said she did not understand the word. She declared she did not understand the word. I was a proud moment for me. I had spelled down both school and was declared victor. My cheeks burned, and my brain was dizzy with excitement.

"Soon as the school was dismissed, my competitiveness came and sat down by my side and congratulated me on my success, inquired my name and age, and flatteringly predicted my future success in life.

"Unconscious to such attentions, I doubtless acted as most little boys would under such circumstances, indignantly. At this juncture, Master G., the son of a rich man of our neighborhood, tauntingly said to me, in the presence of my fair friend and a number of boys from the other school—  
"Oh, you needn't feel so big—your folks are poor, and your father is a drunkard."

"I was happy no more—I was a drunkard's son—and how could I look my new friends in the face? My heart seemed to rise up in my throat, and almost suffocated me. The hot tears scalded my eyes—but I kept them back, and soon as possible quietly slipped away from my companions, procured my dinner basket, and unobserved, left the scene of my disgrace with a heavy heart for my home. "My folks were poor—and my father a drunkard." But why should I be reproached for that? I could not prevent my father's drinking, and assisted and encouraged by my mother, I had done all I could to keep my place in my class at school, and to assist her in her worse than widowhood.

"Boy as I was, I inwardly resolved not to taste of liquor, and that I would show Master G., if I was a drunkard's son, I would yet stand as high as he did. But my resolve could not allay growing grief and vexation produced by his taunting word and haughty manner. In this frame of mind my head and heart aching, my eyes red and swollen I reached home. My mother saw at once that I was in trouble, and inquired the cause. I buried my face in her lap and burst into tears. Mother seeing my grief waited till I was more composed, when I told her what had happened, and added passionately: "I wish father wouldn't be a drunkard, so we could be respected as other folks." At first mother seemed almost overwhelmed, but quickly rallying, said:

"My son I feel very sorry for you, and regret that your feelings have been so injured. G. has twisted you about a thing you cannot help. But never mind my son.

Be always honest; never taste a drop of intoxicating liquor; study and improve your mind. Depend on your own energies, trusting in God, and you will, if your life is spared, make a useful and respected man. I wish your father when sober, could have witnessed this scene, and realize the sorrow his course brings on us all. But keep a brave heart, my son. Remember you are responsible only for your own faults. Pray God to keep you, and don't grieve for the thoughtless and unkind reproaches that may be cast on you on your father's account."

"This lesson of my blessed mother, I trust, was not lost upon me. Nearly forty years have gone since that day, and I have passed many trying scenes, but none ever made so strong an impression on my feelings as that heartless remark of G.'s. It was so unjust and so uncalled for. Now, boys, remember always to treat your mates with kindness. Never indulge in taunting remarks towards any one, and remember that the son of a poor man, and even a drunkard, may have sensibilities as keen as your own.

"But there is another part of the story. The other day a gentleman called at my place of business, and asked if I did not recognize him. I told him I did not. "Do you remember," said he "being at a spelling school at a certain time, and a rude thoughtless boy twisted you up to being a drunkard's son?" "I do most distinctly," said I. "Well," continued the gentleman, "I am that boy. There has not probably a month of my life passed since then, but I have thought of that remark with regret and shame, and as I am about leaving for California, perhaps to end my days there, I could not go without calling on you, and asking your forgiveness for that act." I gave him my hand as a pledge of forgiveness. Did I do right? You all say yes. Well, then, let me close as I began. Boys, never twit another for what he cannot help."

**AMERICAN JEWS.**—The San Francisco Sun, in an article upon the present condition of the Jews, closes with the following paragraph:

"The American Jew is only less proud of his country than his religion. To say he is a mere dweller upon the soil because it affords him the means of support, is to label the most noble traits of his character. The graves of his ancestors are around him. His heaven is as near to him on the shores of the Pacific as upon the sacred Mount of Olives, or within the classic walls of Jerusalem. His God is omnipotent, omnipresent, and omniscient. He has knelt before that awful presence alike on the deserts of Arabia and the frozen zones of Siberia; and why should he here, where the law recognizes his religion and his political privileges, withhold an affection to which he is impelled by every consideration of prosperity to himself and future happiness to his children? His respect for our laws is shown in the fact that he seldom violates them. His wealth has gone towards building up and enriching our cities. He cultivates the arts, and goes heart and soul with our active citizens in every useful enterprise. He is the honorable but little head of the mob—never. You will find him in our courts of justice, on the bench, at the bar, in the jury box, but seldom ever arraigned for a heinous criminal offense. This is the American Jew. Let his good qualities be imitated; his bad ones be forgotten."

**A LEAF FROM LOVE SCENE.**—Young Albert Ringwood sat at home on New Year's day, in a dishabille. His beard was unshaved, his hair was uncombed, his boots were unblackened, and he was leaning back in a picturesque attitude, with his feet against the wall, smoking a cigar. Albert thought to himself that this was a leap year, and how glorious it would be if the ladies could be induced to pop the question, in accordance with their ancient privileges. As he sat and watched the smoke of his cigar curling in the air, he thought of the idea. How delightful it would be to have the dear creature fondling on him, and with tender glances endeavoring to do the agreeable. As he meditated, his eyes softened, and he began to feel a squeamish, womanish sensibility diffuse itself over his feelings, and thought he would faint with propriety the first time a lady should squeeze his hand.

"Rap, rap," sounded the old door. Albert peeped through the Venetian blinds. "Mercy," exclaimed he, "and if there isn't Miss Jones, and I all in dishabille and looking like a fright. Goodness gracious! I must go right away and fix myself." He left the room, Miss Susan Jones entered, and with composed air, intimated that she would wait. Susan Jones was a firm believer in woman's rights, and now that the season was propitious, she determined to take the advantage thereof, and do a little courting on her own hook. It was only woman's privilege, which had been usurped by the tyrant, and she was determined to assert her rights in spite of the howling formalities of a false system of society.

Meanwhile, with palpitating heart, Albert went through a series of personal adoration. The last twist was given to his collar, the last curl to his whiskers, and with white cambric in hand, he descended to the parlor. Miss Jones rushed to receive him, and grasping his hand with fervor, said: "Dearest, how beautiful you look," accompanying her words with a glance of undisguised admiration.

"Spare the blushes of a modest young man," said Albert, applying his cambric to his face to hide his confusion.

"Nay, my love, why so shy?" said Susan: "turn not away those lovely eyes dark as the jet, but sparkling as the diamond. Listen to the vows of the fondest affection. Here let us rest," said she, drawing him to the sofa; "here, with my arm around thee, will I protect my true affection."

"Leave me, oh leave me," murmured Albert: "think of my youth, my inexperience—spare, oh spare, my palpitating heart."

"Leave her," said Susan, pressing him closer to her, "never till the story of restlessness, of unquiet days, of aspirations, fond emotions, and undying love is laid before thee. Know that for years I have loved thee, my love, for years. Need I tell how each manly beauty moved me; how I worshipped like a sunflower in the lurid light of those scarlet tresses; how my fond heart was entrapped in the meshes of those magnificent whiskers; how I was willing to yield up to the government of that imperious, thy manners, so modest, so delicate, enchained me—were you to me—for thy joy was my joy. My heart is thine—take it—but first let me snatch one kiss from those ruby lips."

The overwrought feelings of the delicate youth were so strong, and he fainted from excess of joy. Meanwhile the enamoured maiden hung fondly over him, and—

Slowly the eyes of Albert opened; he gazed wildly round him, then meeting the ardent gaze of his "lover," he blushed deeply, and his lips faintly faltered out: "and his hand."

He is the happy man not whom other men think, but who thinks himself to be so.

## The May Party.

"Now, Aunt Hattie, that isn't a real May party story that you put in the paper this week," said a little friend to me.

"Why, no; it was only about a little girl who was disappointed in attending the party—and I was disappointed too, when I read it; for I thought it was going to tell all about the party: how the little girls were dressed, where they went to, and every thing that happened. I am never tired of hearing about such things!"

"Well, then, suppose I tell you next time of a May party that came off when I was a little girl."

"O, delightful! One that you went to?"

"No, I didn't go to it. You shall learn why presently."

When I was about eleven years old, the little girls and boys of the town in which we lived thought they would get up a May party just by themselves. So one Saturday morning, while I was sitting by my mother, learning to sew, in came two little girls, to ask if I might join the party, on the next Wednesday. In my delight, I sprang up, and sent my thimble rolling in one direction, my spool of thread in another, but which way my needle went, I was never able to discover. My mother inquired where they were going to have their party, and they answered, at Prospect Rock.

This was a beautiful spot, about a mile and a half from town, where, from a high ledge of rocks, we could not only overlook the whole town, but the surrounding country, for many miles.

"Who is going with you?" asked mother.

"They mentioned the principal girls and boys about town."

"But I mean what older persons to take care of you?" she said.

"O, no one! We can take care of ourselves; and we could have no fun, if there were to be grown people with us."

To my great grief, my good mother decided that she could not trust her child so far from home, with only a company of young people, no wiser than herself; and the girls went away, with the feeling that she was "awfully strict."

During the next few days, when I saw the girls so happy in their preparations for the May party, I sometimes felt that they were right, when they said "my mother was too strict." The girls were all to wear white dresses and blue sashes, with wreaths of myrtle around the skirts of their dresses; and the boys were to wear badges of green ribbon. One of the prettiest girls was chosen Queen; and when I saw them all marching out of town, on the grand day of the festival, with the crown of flowers, ready to be placed upon the head of her Majesty, I went to my play-room, and sat down in a corner, and cried.

My mother saw how much I took my disappointment to heart, and though she said nothing about that, she treated me with unusual kindness. Among other things, I remember she let me bring out her "piece bags," and select the very prettiest bits of silk from them for myself, and while I was turning them over, she told me pleasant stories of what she had done when a little girl.

There were quite a number of my favorite dishes on the dinner-table, and in the course of the afternoon, mother treated me to pound cake and figs and almonds. I could not but feel that she loved me, and wanted to see me happy, and my heart smote me, even then, for the hard thoughts I had entertained of her "strictness;" and when a severe thunder-storm came on, I felt glad that I was safe in my own home.

Some one reported that the "Mayers" came home in a pitiful plight, completely drenched with rain, and their white dresses covered with mud; but it was not until the next day that I learned the whole extent of their mishaps.

I called in for one of my mates, on my way to school, and found her quite sick from the wetting she had received. She told me that the party had "turned out more trouble than comfort—that, in fact, it was all trouble, from the commencement to the close of it."

A boy had been employed to take out their refreshments for them. As the baskets were heavy to carry up the hill, he had packed them in a little hand-wagon, and drawn them safely there. As there was no water near the spot they had chosen, they had ordered a number of bottles of pleasant beer to drink; but in seeking to set them in a cool place, the cool beer out, and one having presence of mind enough to clap them in the beer was lost upon the rocks. Sorry, but not yet disheartened, they proceeded to the important work of crowning the Queen. In the midst of that important ceremony, a party of rude boys, from the outskirts of the town, who had followed them, pilfered the good things from the baskets, and then dashing the wagon down a steep ledge of the rocks, made off with their plunder. The crash of the breaking provisions was the first intimation the "Mayers" had of what was going on, and they only rushed to the spot in time to find their dinner all gone!

Had there been any older person with them, the thieves would have been bold. Hungry and thirsty, they still resolved to enjoy what they could; so they went to playing various games, in which they became so interested, that they did not observe the coming of the storm, until the rain drops startled them. Then they flew to the shelter of the trees, but the vivid lightning soon drove them from that unsafe place.

As they stood in the drenching rain, nearly blinded by the flashes of lightning, and deafened by the peals of thunder, many of the girls wept, from fear nearly all of them trembled, and even the boys wished themselves at home. Their enjoyment was all over for that day, and a forlorn party they reached their own homes.

Then I felt that mother had been right, in saying young persons ought not to go so far from home, without some one to look after them; and when a week elapsed before some of the girls were well enough to go to school again, I knew that I was fortunate in having a mother "strict" enough to guard me from such troubles.

After that, when I tempted to feel vexed because my mother would not let me share the recreations of my young friends, I remembered the luckless May party, and felt that she had only my good at heart, in denying me such gratifications.

Little girls, do you ever think your mothers are too strict? Boys, do you sometimes feel that mother wants to prevent you from having any fun?

When you grow older, you will see the wisdom and the kindness of those restraints which now seem to you so irksome.

**FACTS ABOUT MILK.**—Cream cannot rise through a great depth of milk. If, therefore, milk is desired to retain its cream for a time, it should be put in a deep jar, row dish; and if it is desired to free it most completely of cream, it should be poured into a broad, flat dish, not exceeding one inch in depth. The evolution of cream is facilitated by a rise, and retarded by a depression of temperature. At the usual temperature of the dairy—50 degrees Fahrenheit—all the cream will probably rise in thirty-six hours; but at 70 degrees it will perhaps rise in half that time; and when the milk is kept near the freezing point, the cream will rise very slowly, because it becomes solidified.

In wet and cold weather the milk is less rich than in dry and warm, and on this account more cream is obtained in cold than in warm, though not in thundery weather. The season has its effects. The milk, in spring, is supposed to be the best for drinking, hence it would be the best for calves; in summer it is best suited for cheese; and in autumn the butter keeping is better than that of summer—the cows less frequently milked, give richer milk, and consequently more butter. The morning's milk is richer than the evening's.

The last drawn milk of each milking, at all times and seasons is richer than the first drawn, which is the poorest.—*Western Agriculturist.*

**DAIRY STOCK.**—These should be carefully attended to. If the flow of milk is once checked, from whatever cause, it seldom returns in the same abundance. Give cows a little extra feed, when the pastures have become bare. The profit of a dairy depends greatly on the cows receiving an abundant supply of nutritious food. They should have access to the byres, and cut grass or tares allowed them. In a calendar, full directions cannot be given as to the best methods of managing milk. The temperature of the milk-house, &c., should never be allowed to rise above fifty degrees. The milk vessels, fow, &c., should all be kept scrupulously clean.

If butter is manufactured to be sold fresh the milk should be pressed out of it as soon as possible, washing it with pure water, adding a little salt or saltpetre to cool the water. Where intended for salting, still more care is necessary in removing all the milk. If it must be intended for cheese, the whey cannot be removed too quickly from the curd; and the rennet should not be added till the temperature of the milk is reduced to about seventy degrees. The most common error in Scotland in the management of cheese, is in keeping all the processes at too high a temperature. Cheese should also be kept cool, and frequently turned. If in a granary, free access of air should be allowed. Whey is often allowed to run to waste; it contains matter highly nutritious. It can be given either to pigs or horses; adding a little ground corn or corn dust.—*North British Agriculturist.*

**SELECTION OF A FARM.**—In the selection of land for a farm there are thoughts and things to be taken into consideration that a volume would scarcely serve to discuss, yet some of them may be profitably hinted at within the limits which here circumscribe us. What is a farm? should first be asked; for in the consideration of any subject it is time well applied which is spent in getting a clear idea of the word which names it. A farm, for us, means a portion of land cultivated and managed by the owner, who lives upon it and hence it takes in the thought of home, so that home-stead is almost a synonymous term. Hence among things to be considered in the choice of a farm, we shall say:

1. The farm should be pleasantly situated as a home. The health, comfort and happiness of those who are to occupy it are of prime importance—so every social and physical influence which bears upon them should have due weight in determining a choice. However fertile a farm may be, if the locality is an unhealthy one, it cannot merit the name of a home, and health, and surrounded by a moral miasma—of which but few social privileges and advantages—it cannot be a pleasant home.

2. The farm should be in agreement with the means and circumstances of the owner. A farmer needs capital as well as land in order to operate profitably. The great error of American husbandry is that farms are almost universally too large for the labor and capital at the command of those who carry them on. Hence arises a train of evils which we have often sought to bring before our readers.

3. The farm should be suited to the products proposed—and these should conform with the demands of the market, and the taste and experience of the owner. Some farms are best calculated for grain-growing, others for the still, for stock and wool-growing. In many localities these may be profitably combined, and land secured which is well adapted to such a course of husbandry. The recent great increase in the facilities of transportation, influences a large extent of country, and many places, heretofore of small value on account of distance from market, have now become desirable for farming purposes. Still, it is worthy to be thought of, whether it is worth ten cents, or one hundred to bring a product before the consumer, and the value of a farm will depend materially upon the expense of intercommunication. The domestic demand is also of importance, and always exists, varying with locality. The taste and experience of the farmer should of course influence his choice—he will be most successful who is most favorably and agreeably situated, and who best knows how to employ the advantages at his command.

Other influences exist and should be considered—these we have rather hinted at than discussed—we prefer to leave the labor to our readers. We are only starting points in such a wide and varied subject, and further thinking by those who read, our object will be accomplished.—*Rural New Yorker.*

By constant temperate habitual moderate exercise and unfeigned honesty you will avoid the fees of the lawyer and the sheriff, gain a good report, and probably add to your present existence at least ten years of active life.

"Jim, did you ever study grammar?"

"I did."

"What was Squire C—?"

"He's an objective case."

"How so?"

"Because he objected to paying his subscription that he has been owing for five years or more."

"What is a noun?"

"Don't know; but I know what re noun is."

"Well, what is it?"

"Running off without paying the printer, and getting on the black list as a delinquent."

"Good. What is a conjunction?"

A method of rolling up outstanding subscription in conjunction with a comfortable Never employed by printers, until the last extremity.

Truth is like a torch—the more she is shook, the more it shines.

Every home on earth should be a miniature of Heaven.

What is the reason that, although we are frequently told of mother Nature's convulsions, we never hear of her falling into hysterics?

"A woman advertising for a husband wants him to be 'strictly religious,' but of 'good character.'"

An unsuccessful lover was asked by what means he lost his sweet-heart. "Alas," cried he; "I flattered her until she got too proud to speak to me."

SIDNEY SMITH ON SWEARING.—Sidney Smith, when travelling in a stage coach one day, long before railroads were dreamed of, was terribly annoyed by a young man, who had acquired the polite art of swearing to such an extent, that he could not help interlarding his discourse with it, as though it were a constituent part of the language. As there was a lady present, the matter was doubly annoying. After enduring the young man's display for some time, the "young wit and wicar," as one of his cockney admirers called him, asked permission to tell the company a little anecdote, and thus commenced: "Once upon a time (boots, sugar tongs and tinder boxes) there was a King of (boots, sugar tongs and tinder boxes) England who, at a great ball, (boots, sugar tongs and tinder boxes), picked up the Duchess of (boots, sugar tongs and tinder boxes) Shrewsbury's garter (boots, sugar tongs and tinder boxes) and said: 'Honi soit qui mal y pense,' (boots, sugar tongs and tinder boxes) which means in English, 'Evil be to him who (boots, sugar tongs and tinder boxes) evil thinks.' This was the origin of (boots, sugar tongs and tinder boxes) the order of the garter."

When Sidney Smith had concluded, the young gentleman said: "A very good story, sir—rather old—but what the devil has boots, sugar tongs and tinder boxes to do with it?"

"I will tell you, my young friend, when you tell me what 'd—n a eye,' &c., have to do with your conversation. In the meantime, allow me to say, that my style of swearing."

**Sales of Land, &c.**

**SHELBY LAND FOR SALE.**  
THE undersigned offers at private sale, THE FARM of the late Lucinda D. Layton, deceased, late of Shelby county. It is situated on the new Frankfort road, 14 miles east of Louisville, and contains about 109 ACRES, mostly in cultivation, of excellent quality; nearly all under fence. Buildings are not superior, but may be made comfortable at little expense. Terms shall be accommodating. For further particulars apply to the subscriber, living in Clayville, Shelby county, Ky., Agent for R. H. SMITH, Executor of Mrs. Lucinda D. Layton, deceased. May 14, 1856. m282

**THE FARM OF J. W. GILL.**  
LYING on the Shelbyville and Frankfort turnpike road, 14 miles east of Clayville, is offered for sale, FIVE HUNDRED ACRES, of which 350 of which are in a high state of cultivation; nearly all adapted to the growth of hemp, and 150 finely timbered, and well adapted for raising stock. Apply to the undersigned, on the premises. Oct 31, 1855. J. W. GILL. m284

**SHELBY FARM FOR SALE.**  
I WISH to sell the FARM, on which I reside, situated 14 miles east of Louisville, and one mile north of the turnpike, containing 122 acres, in high state of cultivation. The improvements consist of a new frame dwelling, of good size, and convenient, with necessary outbuildings, and never failing water. Also, a TRACT of LAND, situate on the new Frankfort road, one-half mile from the turnpike, containing 100 acres in a high state of cultivation, nearly all hemp land, has on it all necessary improvements, and is well adapted for raising stock. For further particulars, address the undersigned at Smithfield, Henry county, Ky. Dec 19, 1855. WILLIS W. PARRISH. m281

**BULLSKIN FARM FOR SALE.**  
THE undersigned wishes to sell his FARM, containing 183 acres, lying in Shelby county, Ky., 7 miles northwest from Shelbyville, and 24 miles south of the Louisville and Frankfort Railroad, on the corner of Bullskin. About 125 acres cleared, and in fine state of cultivation; the remainder is fine timber land, and well set in blue grass. The improvements are good, and the farm is well watered, and all well adapted for raising stock. For further particulars, address the undersigned at Smithfield, Henry county, Ky. Dec 19, 1855. WILLIAM CRAWFORD, Jr. m284

**SHELBY COUNTY LAND FOR SALE.**  
Having determined to change my location, I offer for sale the FARM on which I reside, situated in Shelby county, Kentucky, 10 miles north of the Louisville and Frankfort Railroad, on the corner of Bullskin, and 14 miles from the Louisville and Frankfort Railroad. Said land is in a high state of cultivation; 240 acres cleared, with an abundance of timber—the timber in blue grass, an inexhaustible pond, and also several never failing springs. There is on the premises a large new frame dwelling, but in the modern style; also a superior Cook-house near by; a Dairy, lichenous, Smokehouse, very superior Well within fifty feet, good Negro Cabin, Buggyhouse, Carriagehouse and Grubbery all in one, and well arranged; a good Barn and Stable for fifteen head of horses, built within the past eighteen months—in fact, all of the above mentioned buildings are new and well arranged. The farm is in a good neighborhood, with churches convenient, and a High School now building within two miles. The title is clear, and the land is well watered, and improvements, and locality, within two hours' ride to Louisville, make it as desirable as any farm in Shelby county. As I am determined to sell, all are invited who wish to purchase; to whom I will take pleasure in showing the premises. If not sold privately soon, I will sell it, with all of my stock, in the fall.

**ALSO, 57 Yearling Males, well selected, for sale, on the premises, of R. SPENCER.**  
Midway P. O., Ky., July 9, 1856. m283

**SHELBY FARM FOR SALE.**  
ON WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1856, we will sell at public auction, THE FARM of Richard S. Owen, deceased. The farm is situated on the new Frankfort road, 14 miles east of Louisville, and ten miles from the Louisville and Frankfort Railroad, and more than two miles from the turnpike leading from Taylorville to Louisville. The farm contains about 400 ACRES, about 350 of which are in cultivation, and the balance well set with blue grass. On the farm is a comfortable dwelling, with eight rooms; also necessary barn and out-buildings. It is one of the best of stock farms, and hemp can also be grown on a portion of it. The whole of it is a credit to six months' residence. Any one desirous of seeing the farm can do so by applying to the undersigned, or to James McGrath on the premises.

On the same day will be sold the present year's Crop, Stock, and other Personal Property of the estate. Terms will be made known on day of sale. J. M. OWEN, Executor of R. S. OWEN, deceased. m289

**SHELBY FARM FOR SALE.**  
ON SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1856, we will sell at public sale, about 300 ACRES of MULBERRY LAND, four miles north-east of Shelbyville, and about the same distance from the Louisville and Frankfort Railroad, upon which is a very comfortable Brick Residence, and several other buildings, with two unfailing springs. The land is remarkably well, and is regarded as one of the very best productive farms of the size in Shelby county. The whole of it is enclosed, the larger portion cleared, and the residue in woodland well set with blue grass. At the same time, we will sell some six or eight Negroes, a lot of Hogs of fine breed; a lot of Sheep, Cattle, Milch Cows, Horses, broad Mare, Corn, Wheat, Oats, Hemp, a yoke of Oxen, a Wagon, Farm Utensils, House and Kitchen Furniture, &c., &c. Terms of Sale.—For the land, one-third of the purchase money cash in hand will be required; one-third in twelve months, and the balance in two years, with interest from date; the purchaser receiving notes therefor, and a lien will be retained in the deed until the purchase money is paid. The Negroes will be sold on a credit of six months, and personally upon a credit of nine months, upon the purchase of the land, and the balance of the purchase money being paid with approved security. Sums of \$5 and under cash in hand. J. M. BULLOCK, Auctioneer. CHAS. L. ALLISON, Jr., Executors. Shelby county, July 9, 1856. m289

Dr. South says—"The tale bearer and the tale hearer should be hanged up both together, the former by the tongue, the latter by the ears."

**Louisville Advertisements.**

**M. FOX & CO.,**  
Market Street, 3 doors corner Fourth Street, LOUISVILLE, KY.  
HAVE in store one of the best assorted stocks of FANCY DRY GOODS to be found in any Western house. One of the firm has just returned from the East, and our stock is larger and more complete than ever before. We invite the attention of buyers particularly to the following:

Silks—plain black, figured, moire antique, rich plaid, in colors;  
Bargains in Dress Goods, Challies, Robes in Silk; Bareges and Jaconet Lawn, Organzies; Jaconet Swisses, Embroideries, Linens; Cambrics, colored and black; Furs, Hosiery, Gloves and Mitts; Crapes, Ribbons and Silk Shawls.  
M. FOX & CO.,  
3 doors corner of 4th St. m284

**GENTLEMEN'S FASHIONABLE CLOTHING AND FURNISHING GOODS.**  
CHILDREN AND YOUTH'S CLOTHING  
HOPE J. M. ARMSTRONG, 406 N. W. corner of Main and 4th Sts., Louisville, Ky., would respectfully remind the citizens of Shelbyville and vicinity that he is now in receipt of the MOST ELEGANT ASSORTMENT of Goods in his line that has ever been exhibited in Louisville. To his personal friends and customers it is hardly necessary to state that the present stock has been selected with great care and in his usual good taste.

To his PATRONS OF SHELBY, he would beg to return his thanks for their very liberal patronage, and would state that in his present selection, he has made special reference to their wants. His Goods will be sold at the lowest rates, and on the most desirable terms, and quality, for the latest and most desirable styles and qualities, for which orders are taken, and garments of any size and style made at short notice in a superior manner.